

Exhibit 1

Dear Judge Lin,

My name is Keith Freerksen and I grew up as an only child and, in my youngest years, I had a hard time making friends. As I got through middle and high school, my friend circle began to grow, but as my social life did better, my grades got worse, and I started getting into trouble.

My mom was very frustrated with me. She was struggling to keep the bills paid and constantly arguing with my dad. She just needed me to do well and stay out of trouble, but she was running out of options. She eventually decided to give me a clear message that if I didn't get my grades up and stay out of trouble, she would keep me away from my newfound friends. But, if I could turn it around, she would let me have the freedom I wanted.

Well, I did get my grades up and I managed to stay out of trouble, so I spent a lot of time with my friends. But the way I spent time with friends drinking, doing drugs, and having sex. I started to sell weed to have money of my own since I couldn't get much from my parents.

Because of this, I had a lot of experiences in my teens that most people have later in life, if they ever have them at all. Before turning sixteen, I had used several different drugs, been to many parties and events, and had many sexual experiences. One of those sexual experiences was with a woman in her late twenties when I was fourteen. Throughout my life, I've received praise when I've told that story, but looking back on it now, I wonder how it has affected me.

When I moved to Florida to start college, I was surprised to find myself in a desert in comparison to the lifestyle I was used to. Because I attended an out-of-state tech school without dorms on campus and had a heavy course-load due to the bachelor's degree taking only two years, I did not usually have time to make new friends. I found myself alone on a regular basis and began to consume an unhealthy amount of porn, which continued for a few years after college. Eventually, I started viewing child pornography and found myself in prison.

Prison in the state of Florida didn't offer any programming for me and mostly focused on a punishment-type of custody. I routinely observed officers violating rules and regulations and mistreating inmates. I became bitter towards authority, and that bitterness stuck with me for years to come.

When I was released, I was given no resources and had to rely on my family and friends to get back on my feet. They still support me today and I'll be forever grateful.

I met [REDACTED] online after I had been out of prison for a couple of years and was living in a tiny house that I built with much help from my dad. At the time, I convinced myself that I was being a "good guy," that my motives were not entirely selfish, and that I was helpful to her. I felt like she cared for me, too. For example, I was planning on killing myself in late 2023. During my planning, I sent a vague goodbye message to her, which wasn't meant to let her know. However,

she knew me well enough by then to notice that I was acting strange and immediately called me. She spent hours on the phone with me and ultimately changed my mind. That made me feel good.

In retrospect, and especially after reading her interview with the police, I realize that I was being very out-of-touch and selfish. I took advantage of her and did not fully consider how scared and lonely she felt when we were together.

I can't take any of that back, and that leaves me with a question to ask myself: What can I do? I could ask for forgiveness, but why should █ or her parents or anyone forgive me? I can hardly forgive myself. So I won't do that. It just seems selfish. I have, however thought at length about what I will do.

They say you can't help yourself until you accept that you have a problem. I'm ashamed to say that it's taken this long to accept that I have a problem. I've been walking around bitter with the world, but I've never taken a moment to look inward. This time prison will be different. I have access to programming and I have plenty of time to take advantage of it. I plan on getting sex offender treatment, counseling for depression, and drug treatment.

Perhaps the most important are the programs involving sex offenses. My participation in a sexual treatment program is long overdue, so getting enrolled in one is a priority for me. I'm eager to learn as much as possible, so I can continue on the path to change.

Up until lately, I've only considered my friends and family as my options for dealing with depression. And while they are very important to me and make me feel better, I've been leaving a key ingredient on the table. And that's therapy.

The next big thing to tackle is my drug use. I've been using drugs as a crutch for nearly my entire life, besides drinking every day, I had an unhealthy obsession with psychedelic drugs, like LSD, mushrooms, MDMA and ketamine. I believed that these drugs helped me through depression and opened my eyes to the world, but the reality is I've been chasing a high. I've been chasing that first amazing experience that will never happen again, as is true with so much of the rest of my life.

Of course, there's only so much programming and only so much prison time and then it'll be up to me to live a healthy and crime-free life. I've been grateful to have family, friends, and neighbors by my side, and they've been very supportive over the years and amid these serious charges, I plan on keeping them close.

In the end, no matter how much I told myself that I was helping █ what I did was wrong. I'm ashamed to say that after the arrest, the jail time, the court appearances, and the potential for a lengthy prison term; it wasn't until I heard her words that I was able to accept

that I wasn't justified. The more I think about it, the more terrible I feel about it. When I heard what she said, I finally realized I wasn't helping her. I was helping myself. Helping myself to an unhealthy and immoral relationship with a girl that is too young. I've harmed her and my greatest wish is that she can move forward and be successful and happy and safe and comfortable.

Thank you for your time, Your Honor.

Sincerely,

Keith Freerksen